

登 高
deng — gao —
Climb Heights

風 feng — wind	急 ji + fast	天 tian — sky	高 gao — high	猿 yuan — gibbons	嘯 xiao + shriek/cry	哀 ai — sad
渚 zhu + riverbank	清 qing — clean/clear	沙 sha — sand	白 bo + white	鳥 niao + bird	飛 fei — fly	迴 huai + circling
無 wu — no	邊 bian — limit	落 luo + falling	木 mu + leaves	蕭 xiao — xiao	蕭 xiao — xiao	下 xia + fall
不 bu + no	盡 jin + end	長 chang — Long	江 jiang — River	滾 gun + gun	滾 gun + gun	來 lai — rush/roll
萬 wan + ten thousand	里 li + miles	悲 bei — sad	秋 qiu — autumn	常 chang — often	作 zuo + be	客 ke + stranger
百 bo + hundred	年 nian — years	多 duo — many	病 bing + illness	獨 du + alone	登 deng — climb	臺 tai — tower
艱 jian — difficulties	難 nan —	苦 ku + bitterness	恨 hen + regret	繁 fan — increase	霜 shuang — grey	鬢 bin + temple/hair
潦 liao — forlorn and abandoned	倒 dao +	新 xin — newly	停 ting — stop	酒 jiu + wine	一 yi + one	杯 bei — cup

Climbing the Heights

When winds rage and the sky is high, gibbons cry mournfully;
Over white sands on a clear riverbank, birds fly and whirl.
Leaves fall from deep woods—rustling and sighing;
The Long River rolls on, forever, wave after wave.
Ten thousand miles away in sad autumn, I often find myself a stranger;
My whole life afflicted by sickness, I mount alone the high terrace.
Beset ~~Best~~ by hardships, I resent the heavy frost on my temples;
Dispirited, I have by now abandoned my cup of unrestrained wine.

Trans. Wu-chi Liu

The wind is keen, the sky is high; apes wail mournfully. The island looks fresh; the
white sand gleams; birds fly circling. An infinity of trees bleakly divest themselves, their
leaves falling, falling. Along the endless expanse of river the billows come rolling,
rolling. Through a thousand miles of autumn's melancholy, a constant traveler racked
with a century's diseases, alone I have dragged myself up to this high terrace. Hardship
and bitter chagrin have thickened the frost upon my brow. And to crown my
despondency I have lately had to renounce my cup of muddy wine.

Trans. Burton Watson

Li Shangyin, "The Patterned Lute"

Mere chance that the patterned lute has fifty strings.
String and fret, one by one, recall the blossoming years.
Zhuangzi dreams at sunrise that a butterfly lost its way,
Wangdi bequeathing his spring passion to the nightjar.
The moon is full on the vast sea, a tear on the pearl.
On Blue Mountain the sun warms, a smoke issues from the jade.
Did it wait, this mood, to mature with hindsight?
In a trance from the beginning, then as now.

Trans. A. C. Graham

Untitled poem

For ever hard to meet, and as hard to part.
Each flower spoils in the failing East wind.
Spring's silkworms wind till death their heart's threads:
The wick of the candle turns to ash before its tears dry.
Morning mirror's only care, a change at her cloudy temples:
Saying over a poem in the night, does she sense the chill in the moon beams?
Not far, from here to Fairy Hill.
Bluebird, be quick now; spy me out the road.

Trans. A. C. Graham